

Then, Something Crazy

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Summary: Deviant story from HTTYD. The reconciliation between father and son did not happen during the battle with the Red Death and Hiccup leaves with no intention of returning to Berk. He travels the world and learns to fight... like a girl! Story plot is mostly Fantasy and Adventure, but has limited mature contents including violence, rape, and sexually intimate scenes.

Then, Something Crazy

Disclaimer: I Own Nothing. But I try to come up with my own plot.

Credits: If it reads like yours or someone else's, it probably is (kidding!) Thanks to all the great FanFic authors that inspired me to start my own writing.

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A black blur shot out of the ocean surface. It deposited a meathead with interchangeable hands and a scrawny boy on the charred shore, then continued to hop onto a nearby bolder. The dragon shook off the water on its scales and with a growl and a snap of the head signaled to its rider for action. "You got it, bud!" The boy gave a resolute nod, jumped unto the dragon's back, attached saddle and flying armor with practiced nimbleness, and within seconds dragon and rider shot into the smoky air. The next moments would have them saving a certain blonde shield maiden from being devoured by the volcanic nest queen, luring it into a strategically planned suicide route from ground to the clouds and back, then desperately avoiding the blast of flame and exploding debris while trying to glide on a damaged artificial tail fin.

Toothless is gliding across the spiny back of the nest queen, straining every ounce of control he had on all 5 of his available fins and wings to avoid contact with any part of the exploding mass. The artificial tail fin had been burnt to a crisp from their daring

maneuvers in and out of the monster's fires just a few minutes ago, and Hiccup is struck with panic as the last of the mechanism jammed and fell out of place. The fading monster would have its last revenge as the bulbous tail struck on their left side, right into Hiccup's foot and the stirrup that controlled the artificial tail fin.

Realizing the impending impact, Hiccup braced himself, leaned into Toothless' back and grabbed onto the saddle firmly. Then the shearing pain of the crush traveled up his left side and temporarily blinded him. Toothless felt Hiccup's weight shifting backwards and realized he was about to fall off if he doesn't right himself immediately. He angled himself upright with great effort and spread his wings once again and was successful in catching an upward draft from the last of the explosions happening underneath. He stretched all his wings and fins out and held his tail straight and started to ride the winds towards the back of the island.

As he glided, he noticed there is a chain of smaller isles behind the larger island. Every time it seems that he is about to lose altitude, the wind would pickup again and thrust him forward. As they are about to pass the forth and last of the smaller isles, Toothless starts to panic. \_'I need to land now! There isn't another island for miles away, and we won't survive out at sea!\_' He frantically scanned the landscape of the last isle looking for a good crash site and begins to retract his wings then hesitated. The precious cargo on his back would have no protection if they crushed. He would have no control over the next few moments and what if his boy falls off and he hurts him instead?

But his worries were not necessary, as the winds shifted and slowed and carried the black dragon a short distance above a small clearing to the right side of the isle. Then, just as soon as the winds came, it stopped. Toothless lost altitude rapidly and landed on all fours straight down like a cat, but with a decidedly louder thud. He felt the impact travel up his paws, then body, then head. His ears pricked up and finally shook off the shock. As he did, the boy on his back finally loosened his grips and slid down his side unto the ground. Realizing the loss of weight, Toothless snapped his head back and moved to look at the boy only to be met with an agonizing yelp as he tried to step sideways. The blow from the nest queen's tail had mangled the boy's foot and the stirrup is firmly implanted into the gruesome mess. With every movement the dragon made, Hiccup was being dragged about by the injury, giving him bouts of shooting pain.

"Toothless! Stop moving!" Toothless froze upon hearing the agonizing hisses. He whimpered and while keeping his body motionless, turned towards the source of the sound. "It's alright, bud." The boy breathed laboriously and mind drifting. "Just need to" Toothless watched and waited. And when Hiccup did not make another sound, he moved gingerly, taking measures to close the gap between the stirrup on his body and the boy's leg, then gently lay down and curled around Hiccup's sleeping form.

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"HICCUP! SON!" Stoic ran up to the burning infernal that was once the volcanic monster and scanned the proximities for any sign of his son. "Hiccup!" He called out frantically. "Where are you? Son!" A movement

to his right caught his attention and he whipped around to see Astrid running up to his side. They looked at each other and saw the same panic and worry reflected in the other's face and knew the situation to be grim. "Spread out and search the whole island! Find Hiccup! Bring back my son!" Stoic shouted his orders and every able-bodied Viking answered with a resolute "Aye!" before scattering. However, it was soon apparent that Hiccup can not be found anywhere, and they still had to figure out a way back home. Stoic called his men back and gave orders instead to set up camp for the night.

When the moon lit up the night sky with stars, and most of the Vikings are fast asleep, Stoic sat down and stared into the dying campfire. His mind recounted the happenings in the past day and he remembered the last words he had exchanged with his son. Well, it was more of a one sided conversation than an exchange, and it had ended with him banishing and disowning his only son. Over the last few years he had allowed his chieftain duties to come before being a father, and his son had received the short end of that stick. \_'When did I start treating Hiccup as one of my under-performing subordinates and stopped treating him as family?' \_He thought to himself. As he replayed the battle with the nest queen in his head, he realized that when Hiccup was in the air directing attack strategies, he himself was doing the same, shouting orders to the remaining Vikings on the ground and focused solely on inflicting more damage to the volcanic monster. He did not even notice when Hiccup had jumped onto the burning ship to free the Night Fury, and then both boy and dragon had been thrown overboard when the monster sunk that same boat. Gobber was first to jump into the sea after the boy, and it was a good thing too because he had the keys that unlocked the dragon's binds.

Stoic closed his eyes. Today, Hiccup had fought by Stoic's side, if only by symbolic sense. He had proved himself to be a son worthy of Stoic the Vast and heir to Berk. If this monster was truly the source of their dragon raids problem, then a solution was found and executed earlier today, albeit a result of his own stubbornness with a twist of fate. Hiccup will not be found today, but Stoic refused to believe him dead. \_I have much to make up to him, \_Stoic decided. \_But for now, the village needs their chief to guide them home.\_

It would take Stoic quite some time to realize that's exactly the line of thinking that drove both his wife and son away from him.

End  
file.